

UP-TO-DATE
AND NEWSR. Edgren's
COMICDundee Put Up Great Fight,
but Was Beaten by Ritchie.

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JOHNNY DUNDEE made a great fight against Willie Ritchie at the Garden last night, but all his marvelous speed and his intervals of furious aggressiveness couldn't overcome the handicap of weight and strength that was in Willie's favor. Ritchie, as usual, was slow in starting, but when he had warmed up he both outboxed and outfought Dundee. If it had been proper for the referee to render a decision at the end of the hard-fought ten rounds Bill Brown would have held Ritchie's hand in air. No other decision was possible.

Throughout the last six rounds Ritchie's superior boxing, his chasing the jumping Dundee around and around the ring in spite of all his eccentric leaps and bounds and aerial jabs and swings, Ritchie had learned the combination of Dundee's style. Attacking steadily, driving straight at Dundee and following him in every leap and turn, he blocked the flying Scotch-Wop's blows with perfect judgment and drove in his own with plenty of vim behind them. At the end Dundee was weary, dazed and battered; Ritchie fresh and unmarked. Exasperated, furious with disappointment, Dundee lost his head in the middle of the ring and Dundee used his right hand for the customary sportsmanlike handshake. Ritchie extended his own right, and instantly Dundee swung his left fist with all his might at Ritchie's jaw. It was meant for a knockout and taken entirely off guard Ritchie might have been felled by the unfair blow. But quick as a flash he pulled away from it. Then, while the whole crowd booed Dundee for his foul attempt, Ritchie grimly renewed the chase with every intention of putting in a knockout punch himself—and a fair one.

THIS fight was held up for some time by Scotty Monteth, Dundee's manager. Scotty several weeks ago went after the Ritchie match and offered to take 60 per cent. of the gate and guarantee Ritchie \$3,500 for his own share. He posted the \$2,500 with me, and the contract between the fighters and the club provided that it should be paid to Ritchie when he fulfilled his side of the bargain. When the fight was postponed to a later date the contract was renewed.

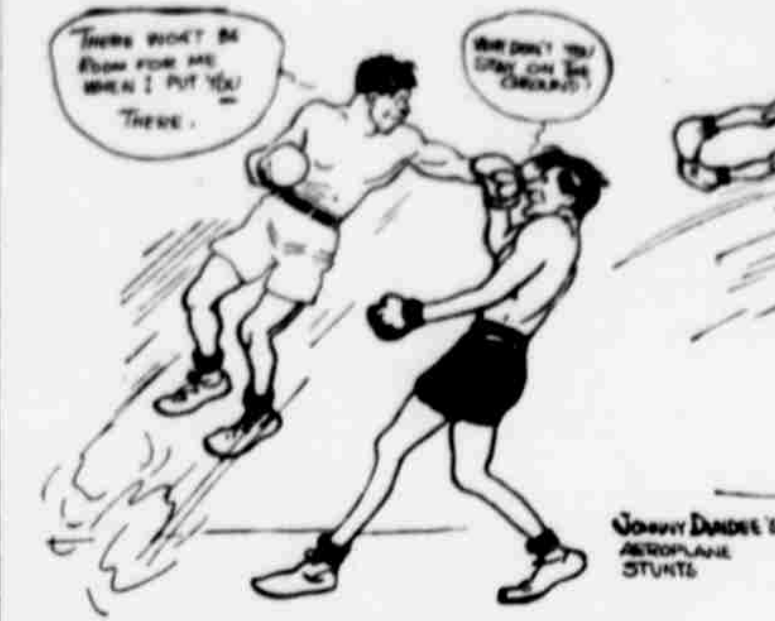
Before 10 o'clock last night Monteth began to suspect that instead of making several thousand dollars Dundee would fight for a very small profit. He announced that Ritchie would have to give \$500 of his guaranteed purse to Dundee. Ritchie offered to give \$500 to Dundee, but the official gate receipts proved to be so small that Dundee would not get anything, as Monteth claimed. This was generous enough on Monteth's part, but he had expected \$20,000, as Monteth expected, Dundee would have taken over \$5,000 and Ritchie only his \$3,500. Monteth had taken a gambling chance and lost.

Monteth refused Ritchie's offer and threatened to keep Dundee out of the ring unless Ritchie fought over \$500 without any conditions. Commissioner Wenck told Monteth that, having made a contract, he must live up to it and not wiggle at the last moment if he expected to have Dundee box in New York State again, and notified him that if Ritchie appeared in the ring according to contract, he would be entitled to the \$3,500 whether Dundee lived up to his side of the agreement or not. Monteth tried to squirm out by claiming that Ritchie weighed over ten pounds more than Dundee, so that a commission rule would prevent the match. He insisted upon having Ritchie come back from the ring and weigh again. Ritchie had weighed 139 pounds and had drawn a lot of water weighing in. Finally a second weighing showed them to scale, in shoes, Dundee 132½, Ritchie 141½. Willie certainly was no lightweight, but the match was at catch weights and within the commission's regulations.

DUNDEE started the fight like a little tiger, leaping at Ritchie and clawing away viciously. He attacked in a series of flying leaps. He was full of speed and pep, and Ritchie looked slow and deliberate in comparison. Dundee landed many hard clips. He shook Ritchie with hooks on the chin and once made him come near slipping to his knees. Ritchie launched a series of punches at Dundee, but Dundee showed plenty of speed and aggressiveness, and Ritchie did the ending in a clinch. In the fifth round Ritchie drove Dundee back. He was tearing at Johnny in his old style, regardless of anything Dundee could do, and Dundee, in turn, punched at any part of Dundee's upper works that showed a clear target. Dundee, infuriated, became more eccentric than ever. He ran and leaped on Ritchie and shoved him down against the ropes.

From that time on Dundee lost some of his pep, although he fought wildly whenever he was cornered or hurt. Ritchie gathered speed and power in every round. He went after Dundee faster and faster. He was unrelenting. Dundee, weakening, was doing the holding now.

In the eighth round he knocked Dundee nearly through the ropes on one side of the ring with a hard right on the jaw, chased him to the other side and nearly knocked him through there, too. Dundee was bleeding and

Owners of Non-Working
Dogs Refuse to Exhibit
Against "Pro" CaninesJudges at Hippodrome Had to
Provide Extra Prizes for
Aristocratic Amateurs—Two-
Pounder Won in Class for
Wage Earners.

By Roseman Bulger.

A HOWL has gone up in the basement of the Hippodrome, and all because an honest, industrious wage earner, living by the sweat of his or her brow—forgot to make definite inquiries—was rewarded. The name "Coquette" would suggest a feminine inclination, but in the high latitude of fancy dogdom one never can tell. The winner of this blue ribbon, amply in size to make an overcoat for his owner, is the smallest wage earner in America. He—or she—is exactly the same size as the chunk of raw beef used to feed the Great Dane, winner of one of the prizes for the idle classes. Coquette weighs just two pounds and works for Elsie Janis. Evidently she is not a she-she well paid, for around her tan Chinuauba throat hangs a golden necklace with a small diamond at every other link. This hard-working dog also has a maid and silken boots to protect her feet from the beplastered floor of the bare stage. Tough life, that dog leads.

Her work? Well, do you know that labor-saving machine that makes her appearance on the stage twice a day and sits through a scene in the arms of her owner? Whether you think it easy money or not, Coquette's pay for her service, and that makes her a professional—a wage-earning dog. That's what started the howl.

When Mark Luescher thought up the idea of having a dog show at the Hippodrome he didn't know much about those things, and looked upon a dog as a dog, every candidate being allowed to start from the scratch. Mike the Bitch, an uncouth Boston bull terrier, who has a job of biting the seat of a tramp's pants in a vaudeville show, is still on the scene, but takes his defeat philosophically. Between scratches he amuses himself nuzzling around Coquette when the maid is not looking, and gets a rise out of the Chinuauba in the form of a shrill birdie scold that starts the whole show in action.

It seems that Mike the Bitch couldn't get into the ribbons because there is some doubt as to his ancestors. He is not what the judges call a pure bred dog.

Cast Off Horse Jessica in Line
For Saddle Horse Championship"Swapper," From Stable of
Ore Magnate Jennings, May
Win Out at Garden.

A castoff from the stable of Walter Jennings, Standard Oil magnate and amateur of the Coaching Club, looms up as a likely winner of the saddle horse championship for horses not exceeding 15½ hands in height at the Horse Show, which begins on Saturday, Nov. 6, in Madison Square Garden.

None but a high priced horse has ever won the distinction and wealthy owners have often spent large sums on possible winners of the coveted honor only to meet with disappointment. This time, according to the term studies of Horse Show followers, the discard may prove to be the winning trump.

In making a deal for a fresh horse last summer Mr. Jennings added a mare called Jessica as "boot." Sam

Hexter, who made the deal, sold the "swapper" at once for \$150 to another dealer, Miss Ethel May Davis, then bought Jessica to ride in the park. Only Klee Irving, the negro groom who had the horse, saw signs of future greatness in Jessica. He fed and groomed her like a king's pet palfrey and under his management Jessica became a thing of beauty. With-out Miss Davis's knowledge he entered Jessica at the Westchester show in September and took the mare to White Plains.

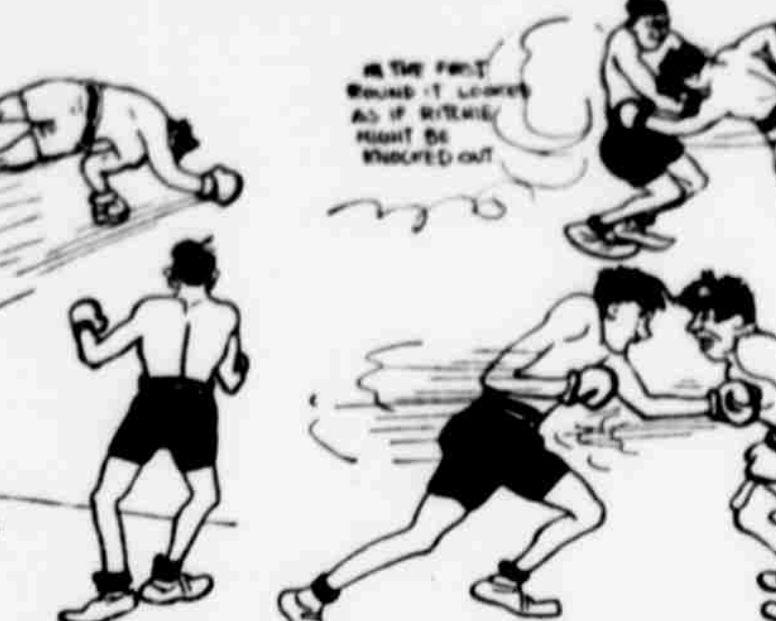
Jessica created a sensation by winning two blue ribbons the first day, many nags that had cost big wages figuring ignominiously among the "also rans." Guy Ward, the judge, was faithful to Jessica as his ideal and the mare wound up by taking the championship for saddle horses not exceeding 15½ hands high.

TED LEWIS WON
FROM JOE MANDOT.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 27.—Ted Lewis, the English lightweight, won another victory at the Atlas A. A. last night, getting the decision over Joe Mandot of New Orleans in their twelve-round bout.

Lewis outclassed Mandot. Except in a couple of rounds, which were about even, the Englishman outpointed the Southern boxer by a big margin.

Mohr Defeated Mario.
NEW BRITAIN, Conn., Oct. 27.—Walter Mohr of Brooklyn and John Mario of New York went twelve rounds in a fast bout here last night. Mohr won on points.

Long Legs of Russian Prince
Halted Auto Race Speed TestToubetzkoy Finds He Doesn't
Fit in Car He Brought to
Sheepshead Bay.

By William Abbott.

A path that fetched them alongside of the garages underneath the track. When the sleuths from the press arrived at the spot where the Prince and his party were stationed, they stopped. One of the Prince's friends— they say that he is his press agent— came up to the reporters and told them that the Prince had just tried to get into the baby Peugeot that he was supposed to use in the time trial, and found that he couldn't get his legs into the car. The Prince, though, he said, wasn't discouraged by any means, and determined to try to arrange to use some other car for the purpose of qualifying at eighty-five miles an hour for a race with the President of the speedway for a side bet of \$10,000.

It was learned that the question of a race came about through some badgering at a tea party at the Biltmore and that the Prince, who never drove in a race in his life, was so peeved by Harkness's kidding that he agreed to race him for \$10,000 a side. (Whether this was Russian or American money was not stated.)

It being too dark to permit of any more pictures of himself being taken, the Prince once more cranked up his car and he and his party were soon lost to sight.

And by the way, they had a bunch of ticket sellers and ticket takers on the job, charging 50 cents admission for the great occasion, but nobody appeared except the newspaper men.

As one reporter jokingly said, "The trial was postponed on account of Harkness."

The royal bred one referred to is Prince Paul Toubetzkoy, a Russian title holder. He drove his machine into the parking space about 4 o'clock. In his car were Frank Coffey, the noted aviator, and wife and the Princess Toubetzkoy. There were also two beautiful Siberian dogs in the machine.

The camera men got busy and took many pictures, and the titled sculptor appeared to enjoy the performance. Then, suddenly, the Prince jumped into his car and whisked away.

One by one the reporters and kodak shooters started to leave. They took

the car and the dogs and disappeared.

As darkness was enveloping the big race track at Sheepshead Bay last night a dozen reporters and photographers wended their way to the cars and disappeared.

Probably no assignment that these reporters and camera men ever received appeared more promising than this—the chance to see a real live prince risk his life spinning around the speedway at a breakneck clip to qualify for a race with Harry N. Harkness.

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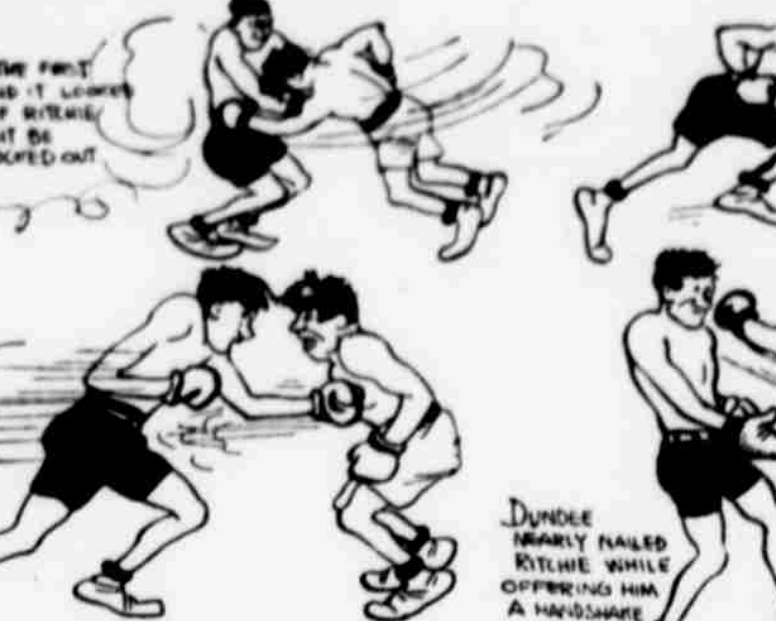
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Fordham's most satisfactory game was the 19 to 0 victory over Holy Cross last Saturday. A win over the powerful Georgetown team on Election Day would give Fordham the Catholic championship of the East. The Bronx youngsters are working overtime this week getting in tip-top shape for the battle. Georgetown defeated the Navy and held Princeton and the Army to low scores, so it is readily seen the Maroon players will have their hands full next week.

There are several striking characteristics to Fordham's team, its power, its rushing attack, its expert defense against forward passes and fine individual work of several players. But let us see how Fordham develops her football team.

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